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Massachusetts Legislature.

THE COMMITTEE ON FEDERAL RELATIONS.

ARGUMENTS IN BEHALF OF PETITIONS

FOR AID IN THE PRESERVATION OF THE

7561, 23

OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE.

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,
34 SCHOOL STREET.
1878.

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November 20, 1903

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REMARKS OF GEO. O. SHATTUCK, ESQ.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I appear here in support of more than fifty petitions, coming from all parts of the commonwealth, from Cape Cod to Berkshire, praying for the passage of this resolve. I propose to state very briefly what has been done by the public in this behalf, and leave the argument to others.

The Old South was built in 1729, and is older than the Old State House, older than Faneuil Hall, and is probably the oldest building in the commonwealth prominently connected with our history. In 1876 the society which owned it decided to sell it. The building was put up at auction and sold to be removed. In order to save it from destruction, an appeal was made to the people of the commonwealth and the nation. The appeal was answered by so many persons, not only in this State but in many other States, that the response was thought sufficient to warrant a deliberate attempt to save the building. As the society could not hold it, or were unwilling to hold it, certain parties purchased the building, and paid the Old South Society in money four hundred thousand dollars. It was then conveyed to Mr. Henry P. Kidder and Mr. Henry Lee, of Boston, subject to the claims of the parties who advanced the money. Since that time contributions amounting to more than two hundred and thirty thousand dollars have been paid in, so that the property is now held by Messrs. Kidder and Lee subject to a mortgage of two hundred and four thousand

dollars. The interest has been paid out of a part of the contribution.

The property has not yet been conveyed to the corporation which was chartered last winter, because it was not thought desirable to convey it to that corporation until it is absolutely secure. That corporation, as you will remember, consists of the Governor, the Mayor of Boston, the President of Harvard College, and several other persons named in the Act, who are authorized to hold the property for public purposes, and to make contracts with the commonwealth for the use of it for election sermons and for other public purposes.

We come here to ask the commonwealth to contribute what will amount to between ten and twelve per cent only of the cost. We ask for this with confidence, because it is in accordance with the established policy of the commonwealth to do whatever is proper, by preserving and erecting memorials or by celebrations, to perpetuate the remembrance of whatever is great and good in the history of the State. The State appropriated and paid seven thousand dollars toward Bunker Hill Monument. It paid nearly sixty thousand dollars for the centennial celebration in Philadelphia. It paid seventeen thousand dollars to celebrate on a single day the centennial anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. It paid seventy-five hundred dollars last year, or appropriated it, for a monument to commemorate the battle of Bennington. The State has not only done this itself, but it has encouraged taxation by towns for like purposes. In 1864 it authorized any town or city in the commonwealth to build soldiers' monuments, and under this authority hundreds of thousands of dollars have been appropriated. In 1874 and 1875 it authorized Concord and Lexington and many other towns to make large appropriations to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the battle of Lexington.

Mr. RUSSELL. — Didn't the State also make a grant of two thousand dollars for the Acton monument?

Mr. SHATTUCK. — Yes, sir. I find in the laws of 1851 that the sum of two thousand dollars was appropriated for a monument to Capt. Isaac Davis, of Acton, provided the citizens of the town raised five hundred dollars for the same purpose. The State, from the earliest period in its history, has been constantly taking steps, — by publishing records, by encouraging celebrations, by building monuments, — to commemorate, to preserve, and to keep alive in the minds of the people the history of Massachusetts, — of which she has a right to be proud. The town of Concord, gentlemen, under that act of the Legislature, appropriated eleven thousand dollars to commemorate the battle of the 19th of April, 1875. A proportionate tax, distributed over the commonwealth, would amount to more than six millions. Yet no man questions the wisdom of this outlay.

We come here, therefore, because the resolve is in accordance with the established policy of the commonwealth; and we also come here because the people of the commonwealth have by their contributions shown such an interest that we are justified in asking the State also to take some interest in this building. As I have stated, two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, and more, have been contributed. That money has come, directly and indirectly, from more than fifty thousand persons, — some of it, most of it, in large contributions, but a large amount from persons in all parts of the commonwealth, and from other States in the Union, — from Wisconsin, Iowa, South Carolina, New York, Missouri. Citizens of many States have contributed for this object, and probably every town in the commonwealth has done something in support of it.

We also come here supported by petitions, I think, equal in weight and force to any petitions that any measure pro-

posed in this commonwealth has ever secured. We have had, almost without exception, the support of the men of influence, as poets, as orators, as men of education, in the whole commonwealth. The men to whom the people of Massachusetts look as leaders in sentiment, in opinion, have, almost to a man, come forward to aid us. Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, have all of them written and spoken and contributed in this behalf.

We have here a petition signed by the president and many of the professors of Harvard College; by the president and some of the professors, including the venerable Mark Hopkins, of Williams College. We have the president and nearly every professor in Amherst College. We have the signatures — these petitions are worth preserving simply from the autographs they bear — of eminent scholars all over the State, asking for this contribution. But we have not only this class of men; we have the business men of the community. We have a petition from Boston, with the name of ex-Governor Gaston at the head, followed by a list of names of business men, which cannot be surpassed in weight and influence in Boston. We have a petition with the name of the venerable Peleg Sprague, one of the first of living judges and statesmen. In fact, the Legislature of Massachusetts is appealed to by the best sentiment and by the best intelligence in the State. And I venture to assert that the commonwealth of Massachusetts never has resisted such an appeal, and I hope she will not do it now. We have these petitions, I say, from all parts of the commonwealth, representing every class in the community. We have not attempted to secure large numbers. Persons to whom petitions were sent have repeatedly written that they could get every voter, or nearly every voter in their towns. I could quote letter after letter to that effect; but we have only sent for, and have desired only the signatures of representative men. And if you will run over the fifty

petitions presented here, you will find that they represent the wisdom, the intelligence and best sentiment of the commonwealth; and they present an appeal which I think cannot fairly be resisted.

The amount we ask for is not large. Boston spends almost every year $20,000 for the Fourth of July, — the average expenditure is more than that. The sum we ask amounts only to about two cents and a half on each thousand dollars of the taxable property in the State, — no argument, I grant, if the object were not a worthy one.

We ask this aid further, because we need it. In these times this two hundred and thirty thousand dollars has not been raised without a struggle. The complaint has been made that this effort has interfered with other charities, and in a measure it has, — because the persons who contribute to this are the persons who contribute to other charitable objects. After the effort that has been made here by these persons, — this tremendous effort, — is it not the duty of the commonwealth to contribute to some extent to their relief? In a cause which has as strong claims upon the public as any other, the State ought to relieve its citizens from a portion of a burden like this. Although we should hope, by a protracted and painful struggle, to save this building without aid from the State, we cannot guarantee it. In these times, with the resources of many of its friends impaired, no man, without the aid of the commonwealth, aid which it can give us without inconvenience to any one, can promise that the Old South shall be saved. The responsibility, therefore, at this time, rests upon the commonwealth.

She should give this support because no State without a history will maintain a high public sentiment; and no State which has a glorious history, and whose citizens are educated and understand it and are proud of it, will ever repudiate a debt. It is from this feeling of responsibility for maintaining

and perpetuating a character, — a national character, — that national honor springs. And for that reason it is the duty of the State, even before it teaches the alphabet, to excite and cultivate an interest in her history. And it is on that ground that we ask the State to make this contribution.

But I will take no more of your time, while you wait for others. I regret, as you will, the absence of Mr. W. S. B. Hopkins, of Worcester, who intended to appear to speak for the petitioners in that part of the State. I received from him late last evening a despatch saying that he was engaged in the trial of a cause in court, and could not be present. I have also a letter from President Chadbourne, of Williams College (who is eminent as a legislator and man of business, as well as scholar), which I will read.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Feb. 28, 1878.

H. BURR CRANDALL, Esq.: —

My Dear Sir, — I regret exceedingly that I cannot be in Boston on the 4th of March, but I hope such a presentation will be made in favor of the Old South Church that our Legislature will see that its preservation is not a mere matter of sentiment, but one of duty towards those who come after us. It will be well for every citizen of Massachusetts to feel that he owns a part of this Revolutionary monument; that it is one of the buildings belonging to the State, — a building preserved in honor of those who not only gave us independent existence as a nation, but taught us by their deeds what men ought to do when liberty is endangered.

The coming generations can have no more eloquent teacher of the duties of true patriotism than the Old South Church, with the historic associations that cluster around it. It may be saved to us by private liberality, but I cannot believe there is a citizen of the State who would not be glad to know that the commonwealth of Massachusetts is part owner, at least, of this building that has been so intimately connected with the most glorious part of his history. I know the gentlemen who will appear before the committee will say all that can be said in favor of State aid in this work, and I trust our Legislature will find words and votes in favor of a good appropriation.

Very truly yours,

P. A. CHADBOURNE.

We have also letters from Governor Claflin and others, which will be read.

WASHINGTON, March 11, 1878.

Mrs. S. T. HOOPER, Boston, Mass.: —

Dear Madam, — The movement you mention in your note as being in progress, for the preservation of the Old South, has my warm indorsement. I believe that the old commonwealth should not stand by idle while the fate of that long link in her historical chain — that monument of glorious memories of the past — hangs on such a slender thread over the pit of oblivion. Private citizens have made a noble effort to save the old temple ; let the State second that effort as Massachusetts should. She would surely never regret it.

Believe me, madam, with great regards, yours truly,

WILLIAM CLAFLIN.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, Feb. 8, 1878.

Dear Sir, — The application to the State for aid in saving the Old South has my warmest sympathy. If Massachusetts lets that venerable monument of her great Revolutionary struggle perish, and the spot where John Winthrop lived, and Warren and Adams spoke, be devoted to purposes of trade, she should be led, by the same logic, to sell the shaft on Bunker Hill to build a granite warehouse.

I am yours, very respectfully,

GEORGE F. HOAR.

Col. HENRY LEE.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 9, 1878.

My Dear Sir, — I have heard with profound interest that a petition has been presented to the Massachusetts Legislature, praying for an appropriation for the preservation of the Old South Church. I trust the memorial of those who have so diligently, patiently, and faithfully toiled for this praiseworthy object will be favorably considered by the committee to whom it is referred, and by the Legislature to whom the report is to be made. Massachusetts has an honorable record in the work of bestowing her bounty on monumental structures, intended to mark the spots made sacred by the heroic endeavors of her sons. Never has she been called on in a more worthy cause than this, in which you and your friends have taken such an interest. It is well to adorn the fields where our decisive battles were fought, and to give enduring tributes to the heroic dead who have fallen for our country. But we should not forget the bold and defiant declarations which gave

those battles their significance, and were laid at the foundation of our social and civil structure by the valor of those who fought and fell. The eloquence of the Old South had been heard throughout the world long before the shot which was fired at Lexington and Concord, and the voices of Adams and Quincy and Warren had taught mankind the truth which was made sacred by the blood of Bunker Hill. I trust the walls which echoed those voices will be preserved with pious care. And I pray that the Old South may stand through all coming time, to remind those who come after us of the lofty thought and heroic endeavor which gave us a country worth laboring for and worth dying for, as the abode of a pure and honorable civil organization and of social justice and equality.

Truly yours,

GEORGE B. LORING.

Dr. SAMUEL A. GREEN, Boston.

Will you allow me, Mr. Chairman, to ask President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard College, to address you?

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ELIOT, OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, — Since I last came here in this cause, a year ago, great progress has been made in the enterprise. Some obstacles have been removed by time and events. Before seeking, as they now do, the help of the State, the men and women for whom I have the honor to speak have at least shown their faith by their works. They have given to the enterprise much more in proportion to their means than they ask the State to give.

It seems so inevitable that every son and daughter of Massachusetts, who has read its history, should long to have this building preserved, that one cannot but feel astonished at the presentation of objections to its preservation. Yet, during the past year and a half, I have had occasion to hear many objections; and as I think some of them may be encountered in the Legislature, when discussion arises upon a grant of money for the preservation of this building, I should like to rehearse some of them, if the committee have no objection, and to indicate the manner in which I have endeavored to meet them.

Events have met some of them. I remember, for instance, an eager objection which was made to this undertaking in its inception. It was that the city of Boston could not spare from its valuation the mercantile buildings that might stand upon the site of the old meeting-house; that no such piece of ground in the heart of the city could properly be spared

from trade and industry. But now the many vacant shops and stores within a stone's throw of the Old South effectually answer that objection. We have learned that Boston has more mercantile buildings than are needed, and that it is not the reservation of ground for churches, schools, and parks which checks the industry and trade of the city.

I have often met persons who said, "The price is very excessive. It is an outrage that four hundred thousand dollars should be paid for that building." Disinterested persons, competent to value the site, expressed the opinion that the price was not an unreasonable one at the time it was agreed upon. But suppose that the price agreed upon at a moment of pressure was eight or ten per cent higher than would now be offered, — the money is all applied to a good use; the four hundred thousand dollars go to carry on a valuable religious trust, an ancient trust in this commonwealth, in whose continuance and prosperity we ought all to rejoice. There may be gentlemen who say, "I am not a Calvinist, or a Congregationalist; I am a Roman Catholic, or I am a Baptist, a Methodist, a Churchman: what interest have I in the preservation of the Old South trust?" I think such objectors could learn a lesson from that Massachusetts hero of the Revolution, Samuel Adams, with whose labors and achievements the Old South is indissolubly connected. At the second day's session of the First Continental Congress, a question arose as to choice of a chaplain; Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Congregationalists found themselves face to face, and the question was evidently embarrassing. But Samuel Adams, the Calvinist and Puritan of the true Old South type, arose and said, "I am no bigot; I can hear a prayer from a man of piety and virtue, who is at the same time a friend to his country." And he moved that an Episcopal clergyman be appointed chaplain; which was thereupon done. The proportions of sects have changed a good deal in

Massachusetts during the last hundred years, and there are, doubtless, many Episcopalians in the present Legislature. We ask them to remember these words of Samuel Adams, when they come to vote upon the question of paying something to preserve the building in which he taught the people of Boston to know their rights and to maintain them.

I have heard persons say, "We cannot care much for this building; for the original pews are not there,— the inside is all altered. If it were only the old building unchanged,— if we could really sit in the seats where our fathers sat, we should have a different feeling about it." But why are the original pews, pulpit, and platform not there? It is because they were taken out by the troops of King George,— by troops who came to subdue and punish Boston and Massachusetts. Those pews gave place to the earthen ring of a riding-school. Now, Mr. Chairman, is not this reminiscence worth more than the old pews to any American who has a pride in remembering why the King's troops were sent hither, how they fared here, and how they departed hence? I hope there are some members of the Legislature of Irish birth who will bear in mind that English soldiers stripped that building, and will wish on that account to aid in preserving it.

I have heard the objection that the meeting-house was an old and ugly thing which could not last long; that it would be a great deal better if nothing but the spire were kept, or if a single stone — some monument — were erected upon the vacant lot. Well, gentlemen, we must have the lot before we can put upon it the spire or any monument; and the price of $400,000 is the price of the lot, and not of the building. For the meeting-house itself only $3,500 were paid. That was the whole value of the Old South considered as second-hand building materials.

But there has been a deeper objection urged in my presence, by persons whom I had previously supposed to have some acquaintance with the history of their country. They have said, "Well, after all, what was ever done in the Old South? Was much done there? Is there really good reason for venerating it? What are the associations with the Old South which are so precious?" Now, that is a fundamental question. I should have to read you the history of the Revolution to give an effective answer to such a doubt. Time will not permit me to do more than barely mention five public meetings held in that building, which ought to make it sacred to this people so long as its bricks can be made to hold together.

I mention, first, the meeting of the 14th of June, 1768, when the ship-of-war "Romney," sent hither to enforce the orders of the Commissioners of Customs, lay in the harbor, and excited the indignation of the town by the insolence of its officers in impressing sailors, and supporting and harboring the commissioners. There had been a commotion in the town, with some actual violence, on the 10th, and all but one of the commissioners had taken refuge on the "Romney," when the people of Boston came together in the Old South Church, — Faneuil Hall being too small for them, — and were there addressed by James Otis. The objects of the meeting were to prevent impressments, and to cause, if possible, the removal of the King's ship from the harbor. Then and there James Otis uttered these words, after expressing the hope that, in time, the grievances of the people might be removed: "If not, and we are called on to defend our liberties and privileges, I hope and believe we shall, one and all, resist even unto blood." What was the town, gentlemen, in which these bold words were uttered, in the presence of the forces of the King? It was what we should call a village. Its entire population numbered not

more than sixteen thousand people, while for political purposes its population did not exceed thirty-five hundred men. Yet Otis there spoke of resisting unto blood the power of Great Britain; and by mere moral force that meeting accomplished one of its objects. It put a stop to impressments.

Let me next bring to your minds the meeting after the Boston massacre. On the 5th of March, 1770, citizens had been shot down in our streets by the troops of the King. On the 6th a crowded meeting was held in the Old South Meeting-house; and there Samuel Adams filled his fellow-townsmen with his own dauntless spirit, and wrought their indignation to the pitch of self-possessed and irresistible resolve. Commissioned by that meeting, Samuel Adams went into the presence of the governor and the commander of the royal troops, and demanded the total and immediate removal of all the troops from the town. Incomprehensible as it seems to us at this distant time, when we consider the relative forces of the two parties to the contest, with no other power than that of clear determination, Samuel Adams and that unanimous meeting in the Old South succeeded, and the two offending regiments were withdrawn from the outraged town.

I come next to the tea meeting, or meetings, of Nov. 29th and 30th, 1773, when five thousand men of Boston and the neighborhood thronged the meeting-house, and resolved that no duty should be paid upon the tea, and that it should be sent back whence it came. On the 30th, you remember, a proclamation by the governor was sent to the meeting, commanding them "forthwith to disperse and to surcease all further illegal proceedings, at their utmost peril." An ample force was at his disposal for the execution of this order; but the meeting unanimously resolved that they would not disperse, and that they would execute their resolutions at the risk of their property and their lives. A fortnight later, on the de-

cisive day of Dec. 16th, 1773, seven thousand men waited in the Old South from morning till night, to see if the tea-ships were to be cleared from the port. After nightfall they learned that the governor refused to give a pass for the ships; when Samuel Adams, the moderator, arose and said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country"; and at that word the tea-party started from the porch of the building — the same building which we can look upon to-day, and which we want to have our children's children see — and went down to Griffin's wharf, and threw the tea into the sea. That act made Boston the first object of the King's wrath, and Massachusetts the first field of the war of the Revolution.

The fourth meeting in the Old South, to which I ask your attention, is to my mind the most affecting, magnanimous and momentous popular meeting ever held in New England. It was the meeting of June 27th and 28th, 1774, when the Boston Port Bill had been four weeks in force. I have heard it said, as an objection to this effort to preserve the building in which that meeting was held, that these are hard times, that everybody is poor, that the State must be frugal. I agree, gentlemen, that the times are hard; I admit that this generation has never known such hard times. But let us compare them, for an instant, in our thought, with the times of June, 1774.

The port had been closed. No vessels but those of the King of Great Britain — the armed vessels of his Majesty, which weighed heavily upon the desolate harbor — could either enter or go out. Boston was a little town of not more than thirty-five hundred effective men, almost all of whom were traders, mechanics, and sailors. Shipping and commerce being the principal interests of the inhabitants, their whole livelihood was threatened. Ruin stared the people in the face. Their communications with England, the West Indies,

Africa, and all the ports with which they had been accustomed to trade, were completely cut off. Moreover, there were two regiments of King's troops encamped upon the Common, — a thing unprecedented and illegal. In the preceding April, Lord North had introduced into Parliament, where it had been triumphantly carried without delay, "An Act to better regulate the Province of Massachusetts Bay"; and that act provided, among other things, that the council, which had heretofore been elected, should be appointed by the Crown or the governor; that judges and sheriffs should be appointed by the Crown; that juries should be named by the sheriffs; that officers and soldiers of the King charged with offences against the people should not be tried here, but be removed for trial to some other colony or to Great Britain. Adams, Hancock, Warren, and all the other popular leaders were in instant danger of arrest and punishment. The whole town knew these things. They had no government, and no organization of any sort except a committee of correspondence; and they were not sure even of the sympathy and support of their sister colonies.

Under these dreadful circumstances the people assembled in our Old South Meeting-house. They, gentlemen, were poor indeed, and in great tribulation. And what did they do? The meeting was invaded by the Tories, in the hope of procuring some concessions from the forlorn townsmen, — in the hope that a submission might be extorted from this suffering people; and Samuel Adams was obliged to leave the chair, and contend in debate with the party proposing submission. They were not content with one day's debate; they had a second. Every blandishment was used by the supporters of the government; every motive for concession was set before the meeting; fear, selfish interest, and the lingering sentiment of loyalty prompted them to submission; nothing but commercial and industrial ruin was before them if they per-

sisted in rebellion; and yet, by an immense majority, they refused to censure their committee of correspondence, and encouraged them "to continue steadfast in the way of well-doing."

I hope, gentlemen, that it will not be alleged that the Massachusetts of to-day is too poor to honor those men, by keeping as their best monument the building which witnessed their self-sacrificing constancy. They acted for posterity, — for us. Let us preserve the scene of their trial and of their triumph. Let us remember, too, what Samuel Adams said so truly of himself: "For my part, I have been wont to converse with poverty; and however disagreeable a companion she may be thought to be by the affluent and luxurious who never were acquainted with her, I can live happily with her the remainder or my days, if I can thereby contribute to the redemption of my country." [Applause.] Verily, gentlemen, no times are so fit as hard times in which to commemorate Samuel Adams. Will not the people count it a privilege to make some real sacrifices in his honor?

There was a fifth great meeting in the Old South. It was in 1775, on the fifth of March, the anniversary of the Boston massacre, and Joseph Warren was the orator, and Samuel Adams the moderator. Forty or fifty officers of the British army and navy were conspicuously seated on the platform and the pulpit stairs, and the meeting-house was thronged with people. Warren was to speak of the killing and wounding by the King's troops of a few citizens of Boston on the night of the 5th of March, 1770. Although Lexington was still six weeks distant, Boston was already occupied, like an enemy's town, by the army of the King, and the harbor was in possession of vessels of war; yet Warren took for his subject the evil of standing armies in a time of peace; and he spoke heroically and convincingly, — so heroically, so movingly, that not even that band of

English officers, whose feelings against the rebellious populace were exasperated to the highest pitch, ventured to interrupt him. They all listened in silence until the close, though his words were as bold and free as if he himself, the moderator, and all the principal men there present, were not in immediate danger of arrest and transportation to England,— as if the little province could be expected to cope with the most formidable power of the world, — as if he knew how his own name was to ring along the centuries. "Our country is in danger," he said; "our enemies are numerous and powerful. You are to decide the important question on which rests the happiness and liberty of millions yet unborn. Act worthy of yourselves. . . . My fellow-citizens, I know you want not zeal or fortitude. You will maintain your rights, or perish in the generous struggle."

But, perhaps, the sceptical thought occurs to some of you, — after all, were these Old South meetings events of real importance; they make brave pictures in the imagination, but had they at the time any grave significance? Let Lord George Germaine and the English ministry answer that doubt. In March, 1774, Germaine said in Parliament, "Put an end to their town meetings," and the ministry of Lord North brought in and carried in due course the Act, already referred to, "for the better regulating the province of the Massachusetts Bay," one provision of which forbade free town meetings, except two a year for the choice of officers and representatives, and for no other business. No other assembling of a town was permitted under this act except by written leave of the governor. Such was the contemporaneous English estimate of the significance of Massachusetts town meetings. Yet Parliament were far from comprehending what those meetings proved. They proved nothing less than that the people of the province were fit to be free; they

demonstrated that the mass of the people were clear-headed, self-possessed, resolute, and martial, and that their leaders were incorruptible, inflexible, and zealous for liberty. Moreover, they consolidated opinion, won sympathy, fed enthusiasm, and developed political sense. Now the Old South meetings, which I have mentioned, were the most memorable meetings of the Revolutionary period.

Finally, gentlemen, let me meet an objection which may be plausibly expressed somewhat in this wise: "Shall fifty thousand hard-earned dollars be wrung from an over-burdened people for a mere piece of sentiment?" The foundations of society are sentiments. The ultimate causes of industrial and commercial prosperity are the sentiments of courage, honor, and good faith. Are not current events teaching us how completely all profitable industry and commerce depend upon the moral qualities of men and communities? The cause of the existing national distress is not physical, but moral. Our ports are open, our highways broad and free; the products of our fields and mines abound; no rumors of wars have terror for us. The cause of our distress in the midst of material abundance is what the Old South called sinfulness, — the lack of the mere sentiments of fortitude, faith, and duty. What this country needs is a new flood of righteous sentiments carried into action. There is no more effective public method of fostering for the benefit of the present and the future the virtues which uphold the state than by honorably commemorating conspicuous exhibitions of these virtues in the past. As we would have men hereafter ready to die in defence of our country's flag, we gather reverently the flags around which men have in our day died, and preserve them with costly care. As all states experience crises in which they rely for preservation upon that splendid spirit of military honor and devotion which has been of infinite service to civilization, the state

rightly marks memorable battle-fields, and builds monuments to its soldiers and sailors. So if Massachusetts desires to find in later generations the civil courage which resists oppression and wrong at the risk of life, liberty, and fortune, let her hold in honorable remembrance the men who, at her very birth, conspicuously illustrated this virtue, and let her contribute to preserve the venerable building which witnessed their struggles and their victories. And as she is grateful for pious founders, as she hopes that righteous and faithful men may not cease, let Massachusetts help to save from destruction a famous shrine of that sturdy religious faith to which she unquestionably owes her own existence, and which has done more for civil liberty than any other religious opinion which the world has known.

The Old South is emphatically a local monument. It reminds us that in the glorious conflict for national independence, Boston was the first object of Great Britain's wrath, and Massachusetts fields the first to be stained with blood. Sure am I that the sentiment of local pride is a strong support to any people, to keep them in the way of virtue; and that monuments to the great words and deeds of ancestors foster that wholesome pride. Are we not glad that Boston and Massachusetts paid the interest on their debts in gold all through the civil war? In that strait, local pride helped us greatly to do our duty. Do we not wish that all the States, and the United States, were as proud as Massachusetts? [Applause.]

It seems to me that Massachusetts should take part in this grateful work for her own credit and honor, — that she may pay a fitting tribute to the virtues and achievements of generations to which she owes her being. No one can be more opposed than I am, as a general rule, to subsidies paid from the public treasury to private corporations, whether indus-

trial, commercial, or educational; but a contribution to keep this venerable building as a public monument cannot be likened to these objectionable subsidies. The Old South commemorates the birth of the State; it prolongs the memory of the men who founded this precious institution which we call "Massachusetts"; it is a unique memorial of heroic times.

The plain duty of our generation is to save that building, that it may stand before posterity as long as its stout old walls will endure. It cannot last forever; and what will remain when, centuries hence, it crumbles to decay? The hallowed ground will remain, and then another generation will gladly take up the work we now begin. They shall clear the ground, and set up a stone on a little green in the heart of a then ancient city, and on it write names as well known to them as to us, — the heroic names of Otis, Warren, and Adams! [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The times which President Eliot has so eloquently described were hours of great courage. When Sam Adams and Warren stood under that old roof, knowing that with a little town behind them, and thirteen sparse colonies, they were defying the strongest government and the most obstinate race in Europe, it was a very brave hour. When they set troops in rank against Great Britain, a few years later, it was reckless daring. History and poetry have done full justice to that element in the character of our fathers, nothing more than justice. We can hardly appreciate the courage with which a man in ordinary life steps out of the ranks, makes the crisis, while no opinion has yet ripened to protect him, not knowing whether the mass will rise to that level which shall make it safe, — make a revolution instead of a mere revolt. But there was a much bolder element in our fathers' career than the courage which set an army in the field, — than even the courage which faced arrest and imprisonment and a trial before a London jury: that, as I think, was the daring which rested this government, after the battle was gained, on the character of the masses, — on the suffrage of every individual man. That was an infinitely higher and serener courage. You must remember, Mr. Chairman, no State had ever risked it. There never had been a practical statesman who advised it. No previous experiment threw any light on that untried and desperate venture. Greece had her republics: they were narrowed to a race, and

rested on slaves. Switzerland had her republics: they were the republics of families. Holland had her republic: it was a republic of land. Our fathers were to cut loose from property, from the anchorage of landed estates; they were to risk what no State had ever risked before, what all human experience and all statesmanship considered stark madness. Jefferson and Sam Adams, representing two leading States, may be supposed to have looked out on their future and contemplated cutting loose from all that the world had regarded as safe, — property, privileged classes, a muzzled press. It was a pathless sea. But they had that serene faith in God, that it was safe to trust a man with the rights He gave him.

Now, if you will go back to 1776 and 1789, and remember what the world had been before, you can appreciate the hardihood which faced that dread responsibility, the courage of conviction which risked everything, literally everything, man holds dear on the soundness of an untried theory. They were neither madmen nor dreamers, but careful, conscientious statesmen. The stout-hearted courage and serene faith which led their Israel into that desert was of a far higher order than any which sets an army in the field.

We stand here to-day still trying that experiment. We stand here with the responsibility of holding up that venture. When seven hundred thousand men were added to the ballot list of Great Britain by a vote of the House of Commons, Lord John Russell leaped to his feet, as the vote was announced, saying, "Now, the first interest of every Englishman is the education of the masses." That is the consideration which every American who remembers this grand experiment should bear closely on his conscience.

Human learning, science, common knowledge, does not fortify a man against crime. It does not create character. That we know by abundant experiment. Learning does not

make a man moral. You can educate a brain so as to make it despise violence, — only to fall more in love with adroit cheating. What is called civilization drives away the tiger, but breeds the fox. Mere intellectual education only changes the character of crime. When you speak of an educated mass as the safety of a republic, it is not the education of books, mere items of knowledge, mere reading and writing. Emerson says, "The Yankee has more brains in his hand than other races have in their skulls." Still the Yankee is correctly represented by a Congress which finds no time to legislate, all its hours being consumed in watching the tricks and counterworking the dishonesty of its members.

France has proved, and it has been proved in a variety of cases, that this sort of education does not make a State safe. It is the education, the training, that results in *character*. It is the education that is mixed up with this much-abused element which you call "sentiment." It is the education that is rooted in emotions, — of slow growth, the result of a variety, an infinite variety of causes; the influence of books, of example, of a devout love of truth, reverence for great men, and sympathy with their unselfish lives; the influence of a living faith, the study of nature, keeping the heart fresh by the sight of human suffering and efforts to relieve it; surrendering one's self to the emotions which link us to the past and interest us in the future, and thus lift us above the narrowness of petty and present cares; using ourselves to remember that there is something better than gain and more sacred than life, — yes, and that is to throw life away in what foolish men call rash, but wise men see to be brave deeds, and which, while it leaves us poor, leaves the world better than we found it.

The profoundest scholar of his day said, "No man is wiser for his learning," — a sentiment which Burke almost echoed; and Wordsworth said of the dark Napoleon days,

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind, at this unhappy day,
Than all the pride of intellect and thought."

It is this — the *character* of these forty millions in these forty States — which is to make this second century of universal suffrage safe. It is not the common-school system alone, it is not either the higher or the lower level of education: it is that education that results in *character*, — not in mere knowledge.

Everything, therefore, that goes to make up character is the first consideration of a State resting on a republican basis. The State should create this influence whenever it can, and save and second it wherever it exists. This is one reason — a very grave one, it seems to me — why this earnest effort to save one of the most suggestive and most remarkable monuments of State history deserves State aid. I hold it of exactly as much importance, and in certain points of view of more importance, that the State shall preserve its monuments, shall minister to the emotions and sentiment of its people, as that it shall provide them with school-books. That monument on Boston Common is equal to a ton of school-books; and while it speaks of gratitude to the men who gave their lives that our flag might mean justice, it lifts us to their level and moulds us to their likeness. Webster remembered this when consecrating Bunker Hill Monument. He said its object was not an historical record merely, but "that human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments and opening proper springs of feeling."

Allusion has been made to the character of different States. I hope I shall not, as an individual, exhibit any

self-conceit when I speak of New England. But I look upon New England as the sheet-anchor of these forty States. I think in the reverence for antiquity, in the sentiment which lies at the root of a New-Englander's character, in the value set on old towns and places and families and relics, in the fondness for searching out their connection with the roots of English ancestry, — in much that distinguishes a New-Englander, — there is a large element of that character necessary for the permanence of our institutions. And why I value it especially is that, considering the fermenting masses, especially in the southern sections of the country, I look upon New England, with its ideas and principles, its sense of justice, high level of civilization, tone of honor and patriotism, and serene faith, spite of all doubts, in the absolute necessity of saving that experiment which Jefferson launched, — I look upon *this* New England as the very centre, or right wing, of the battle for the permanence of republican institutions here.

I do not value universal suffrage, Mr. Chairman, simply as a catch-word, "representation and taxation," simply as a logical formula touching the man that pays and his right to follow what he pays. Universal suffrage has a broader value. God makes it his method, to borrow a French word, of securing the "solidarity" of the people, making the unity of all classes. When an Englishman looks down into a poor man's cradle, if he stoops to that helpless child, he does not do it from any anxiety. He knows that there is no probability, with the army and the deep-rooted institutions of his country between him and it, of that child's ever being able to lift its hand against his order or his wealth. So if he interferes, he interferes solely from love and pity. But when Wall Street looks down into a poor man's cradle, Wall Street remembers, with prompt selfishness, that in due time that baby hand will wield the ballot, and unless it has-

tens to put intelligence on one side and integrity on the other of that baby footstep, its own wealth is not safe. I thank God for that democracy which takes bonds of culture and wealth to share their ripest advantages with the humblest soul God gives to their keeping! Social conventions discuss the dangers of universal suffrage in cities; timid scholars tell their dread of it. True, it is a terrible power. It endangers peace and threatens property. But there is something more valuable than wealth, there is something more sacred than peace. As Humboldt says, "The finest fruit earth offers to its Maker is a MAN"; and the first object of government is to make a man, — to ripen and lift and broaden a man. Trade, law, learning, religion, are only the scaffolding whereby to build up a man. Therefore we should not shrink from dangers which beset this theory. We should remember its final use and grand tendency, and that God bids us earn safety by lifting that rotten, weak, and tempted mass to our own level, and only by so doing. This being our duty, every influence, even the weakest, that tends to make character should be carefully nursed.

I think that the State, on the broadest consideration of duty, is bound to give its citizens something more than the knowledge of arithmetic and geography. It does well to supplement the common school and the university with that monument at Concord. I passed through your Hall as I came up. For what has the State set up the bust of Lincoln there? A fortnight ago, I looked in the face of Sam Adams in the Rotunda at Washington. What did the State send that statue there for? It was only a sentiment! For what did she spend ten thousand dollars in setting up a brand-new piece of marble commemorating the man who spoke those words under the roof of the Old South? It will take a hundred years to make it venerable. It will take one hundred years to make that monument on Boston Common venerable.

You have got the hundred years funded in the Old South, which you cannot duplicate, which you cannot create. A package was found among the papers of Dean Swift,— that old, fierce hater, his soul full of gall, who faced England in her maddest hour, and defeated her with his pen, charged with a lightning hotter than Junius'. Wrapped up amid his choicest treasures was found a lock of hair. "Only a woman's hair," was the motto. Deep down in that heart, full of strength, fury, and passion, there lay this fountain of sentiment; undoubtedly it colored and gave strength to all that character. When they flung the heart of Wallace ahead in the battle, and said, "Lead, as you always have done!" what was the sentiment that made a hundred Scotchmen fall dead over it to protect it from capture? When Nelson, on the broad sea, a thousand miles off, telegraphed, "England expects every man to do his duty," what made every sailor a hero? If you had given him a brand-new flag of yesterday, would it have stirred the blood like that which had faced the battle and the breeze a thousand years? No, indeed! Nothing but a sentiment,— but it made every sailor a Nelson.

They say the Old South is ugly! I should be ashamed to know whether it is ugly or handsome. Does a man love his mother because she is handsome? Could any man see that his mother was ugly? Must we remodel Sam Adams on a Chesterfield pattern? Would you scuttle the "Mayflower" if you found her Dutch in her build?

But they say the Old South is not the Old South. Dr. Ellis told us how few of the old bricks remained, which was the original corner, and which really heard Warren. They say the human body changes in seven years. Half a million of men gathered in London streets to look at Grant. The hero of Appomattox was not there: that body had changed twice; it was only the soul. The soul of the Old South is there,— no matter how many or few of the original bricks remain.

It does not change faster than the human body; and yet all the science in the world could not have prevented London from hurrahing for Grant or from being nobler when it had done so. Once in his life the most brutal had felt the distant and the unseen and done homage to the ideal.

Nourish and ripen this sentiment, which is one of the great, governing parts of character, exactly as you must minister to the knowledge of things and words and figures, if you mean to educate the people. It is the most important element of that education; and if we mean to venture on another hundred years of this experiment, of resting the State on every adult man, his knowledge, his integrity, his self-control, you must educate the whole man. We have no right to throw this portion away, even if it were but a slight contribution. But this is a large and a generous one. Why did the newly levied troops, when they passed by Faneuil Hall and the Old South, break out into shouts? No officer ordered them. It was not done by the tap of the drum. What was it in their hearts, that, before they left the old city to go down and carry justice to the Gulf, what was it that made them break out into shouts? It was a something too valuable to be lost. This is no time to dispense with any of that element.

I can remember when I did not fancy the flag, — when to me it represented something to which I could not swear allegiance; and I went abroad with some disgust towards the Stars and Stripes, for I knew the slave saw in it only the guaranty of his bondage. But I remember one day when I was in the harbor of Genoa, the "Ohio" anchored there, covered with bunting to the very topmast. The Stars and Stripes floated gay on the breeze, and five thousand Italians in boats, covered with gala symbols, full of frolic, sailed around the vessel, shouting. I found I could not keep my heart down; I had to remember and rejoice that I was an American.

That is the feeling which the Old South ministers to, and that is what we come here and ask you to help. The people have shown by their large contributions and incessant labor in this behalf that it is no transient, no local feeling; that it covers the State, permeates all classes, thrills every heart. Even if it should not succeed, this very effort of devoted women to rescue these walls from destruction, appealing to the best elements of Massachusetts character, — this very effort, if it should fail, would do more, perhaps, than ten common years to educate Massachusetts. It has been in itself an exceeding great reward, if it ends to-day. The canvass of Fremont was said, with great justice, to have been the normal school of the American people; and so if the old walls should fall, ingulfed in the maelstrom of trade, history will tell not only the faith and courage of the fathers, but also the loving struggle of the children to save that sacred roof, that it might teach posterity as profound a faith and stir as loving and devoted patriotism as it has done hitherto.

I have no sympathy with the feeling that we are too poor. When one of this type remonstrated against the ointment poured over him, saying, "Why was it not sold and the money given to the poor?" the broader wisdom, the generous philosophy of the great Master covered all our nature when he answered, "The poor ye have always with you." Ordinary cares may be attended to at ordinary moments by ordinary methods, but on grand occasions you must waive these petty rules. You must rise to the level where God calls you, and he calls us to-day to save the monuments to make our children brave and wise.

We crowd our streets with monuments, — what do we mean? Why do you set Everett here, and Sumner there, and Lincoln elsewhere, and Mann in front of your State House? They are there as mementoes of great lives, the real wealth of the commonwealth. Is not Massachusetts richer

for the memory of these men? Is not Massachusetts richer that Sam Adams lived here, that Harry Vane walked these streets, that where the Old South stands Sewall, in the majesty of his repentance, gave to magistrates the noblest example that has ever been set the world over? No hour in history has risen to a higher level. Is not that a lesson broad, deep, profound, permanent, — to teach a people the grandeur of humility, of integrity of purpose, of whiteness of soul? These are the treasures that enrich Massachusetts. These are the things we hope you will save, and in saving them, save the very foundation and source of all good that is to come to the country. I may exaggerate the importance of New England, but I look elsewhere and I see wild projects, unbridled ambition, dissensions of race, quarrels between classes, ambition for new territory, — a hundred causes that threaten the permanence of this republic. Hardly any man can venture to hope, unless by great blessing, that a hundred years hence one flag will cover this continent. We are breaking into pieces, into half a dozen pieces, from a variety of causes. There is nothing that can hold us together but the sentiment of one country, one flag. How hard to ripen this sentiment! I have faith that a hundred years hence freedom will be the law from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but I do not know whether one flag will cover the continent.

It is only as far as I have faith to believe that the common school and the municipal institutions; the character of New England, — the seed and type of everything that is valuable in public life, — will spread over the continent, to the Gulf and to the West, — it is only in that faith that I believe these great States can hold together; and in order to that we must emphasize and intensify the New England character. I stood in this very hall fifteen years ago, with half a dozen others, and argued for the preservation of the Hancock House (I wish

it stood there to-day!), one of the half-dozen relics that gave Boston a past. We got a vote through both Houses, if I recollect right. You would like it to-day. We should not be obliged to climb five stories into this attic if you had that Hancock House to spread the offices of the State House into. It was offered to you cheaply in the matter of money, but you had not the sentiment to save it. I remember an Arkansas slaveholder who had never seen anything older than twenty-five years, standing with white lips and trembling knees on the door-step of that house; and when I said to him, in answer to his question, "Did the man who signed the Declaration really touch that door-latch?" "Yes, and his body lay in state above it," he sat down upon the step and said, "I feel very strangely; I never felt so before." It was the first stirring of a poetic sentiment working in the mind of a rude nature. Let it ripen, and his hand would be clasped with that of Boston so tightly that no theory of white race or black race could break the union.

Why throw away any means to make men nobler, to bind citizens into closer union and stir them to broader patriotism. Johnson said, "Whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present advances us in the dignity of thinking beings."

Save everything that tends to that. Search out and gather up all that so educates the soul. When the people toil and labor to prepare such teachers, intervene and make the work easier. You circumnavigate the globe to find men to teach skill. You tempt Agassiz from his birthplace to question Nature for her secrets. Save, sacrifice liberally to save, the teachers God has put in our streets, teachers f secrets better than any Nature can show,— of law, order, justice, freedom, brotherhood, self-sacrifice, the nobleness of that life which serves man, and the happiness of his death who leaves the world better for his having lived. Genius

can mould no marble so speaking as the spot where a brave man stood or the scene where he labored.

Mr. Addison Davis, of Gloucester, then addressed the committee in opposition to the petition, taking the ground that the Old South was a hideous structure, offensive to taste, and that the site was needed for stores, which would add largely to the taxable property of the city. He suggested that a handsome building could be erected there, upon the front of which might be placed an attractive model of the old church, which would answer every purpose of the present structure as a monument.

REMARKS OF COL. HENRY LEE.

The argument of the gentleman who has just spoken would apply as well to Westminster Abbey, to the temples of Pæstum, and to the Pyramids of Egypt.

Fancy Westminster Abbey razed to the ground, and an elegant block of warehouses built upon its site, with a little model of the old abbey placed in a niche in the wall.

You look up at the little martin box of a model, and ask, "Is that Westminster Abbey?" "Yes, that is Westminster Abbey; we were obliged to take it down, as business increased, and room was needed for warehouses. That model answers all purposes. You can walk round it, peer into it, you have the whole thing at a glance, and you get rid of the shabby old building which was an eyesore and cumbered the ground." I could not so project my imagination as to make a petty, insignificant model awaken the associations which cluster about a time-hallowed building.

The gentleman says it is a matter of taste, and about taste there is no disputing. For myself I never come in sight of the Old South, with its graceful spire, that I do not feel a sense of gratification and delight. I love to stand within its walls and find myself beneath its roof. The gentleman said it was a matter of sentiment, which is true, and just so far as people undervalue sentiment, just so far they undervalue the preservation of the Old South. He jeered at those who would have saved the Paddock elms: I am one of those "citizens of a by-gone age" who desired to save them. I

wanted to save the Hancock House. It would have been cheap if the State had bought it at five times its price. Mr. Phillips has well described the value, to strangers who visit our old town, of these historic relics; and, the newer the States from which they come, the more they value them.

The gentleman speaks of the wealthy merchants who signed our petition. If more of the wealthy merchants were with us, no petition would have been brought to the State House, — the building would have been paid for long ago.

There are the saviors of the Old South! It is not men who have saved the Old South; these ladies have saved it.

There is one thing that has not been mentioned, that this is the most historic spot on this peninsula, for it began with the beginning of our history. That portion of the history of the Old South that pertains to the Revolutionary period is well known, and has been most eloquently expatiated upon this morning here; but it is not so universally known that this spot was selected by John Winthrop for his home. The founder of our colony sat down there by the side of *the great spring*, and there he dwelt for nineteen years of his life in this colony. His house, built upon this spot, was for many years not only his home, but it was the focus of the colony; it was the place of all meetings, religious and political, of the colonists. There is no spot on this peninsula so associated with the first generation of Puritans as this spot. It is associated with Winthrop, Dudley, Bradstreet, Vane, Peters, Cotton, and Wilson, — with all the men distinguished at that time, and foremost in the conduct of the State; and it is not extravagant to say, that of all that generation of men, the most distinguished was John Winthrop. He was the founder of our Puritan commonwealth, and this is the spot on which he lived.

The Puritans were men of sentiment. If they had not been, they would have remained in England, and we should

not have been here to day. They did not leave their pleasant homes and venture across the seas into a howling wilderness, "where was nothing but wild beasts and beast-like men," to make money. They did not come here as a matter of opinion, but as a matter of sentiment, "seeing that the Church had no place to fly into but the wilderness," and this sentiment sustained them through all their trials, and inspired them with wisdom and courage.

Of their leader, the historian of New England says: "Among the millions of living men descended from those whom he ruled, there is not one who does not — through efficient influences transmitted in society and in thought along the intervening generations — owe much of what is best within him, and in the circumstances about him, to the benevolent and courageous wisdom of John Winthrop." Now the State has selected, from among her long line of eminent citizens, for these two hundred and fifty years, two men, as her representatives, and has placed their statues in the Capitol at Washington: one, John Winthrop, the founder of her liberties; the other, Sam Adams, the preserver of those liberties. What mockery would it be to destroy a building which was the forum of the one, and marks the homestead of the other, indissolubly connected with the lives of both these chosen representatives of our State.

While we raise columns, and build memorial halls, to the heroes of to-day, shall we destroy the few remaining monuments of our fathers' piety and patriotism?

A monument should remind one of the fact to be remembered; and this time-worn, weather-stained old building, — this last of our Puritan meeting-houses, — built upon the spot made historical as the home of our first governor, and by a series of associations, religious, political and personal, all through our history, recalls, as no new monument could recall, these precious memories.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS J. GARGAN.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee, — I remember reading, when at school, that history was philosophy, teaching by example; and not alone from books were we to learn the story of the past, but from relics, old monuments, inscriptions, marbles, and even the ruins of ancient buildings. We are here to-day assembled before a committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts, asking them to do what? To help us teach the coming generations of Massachusetts the story of our past. Is it by books alone that we are to learn our history? I confess, Mr. Chairman, I have a weakness, if you choose to call it so, for relics. I was educated in a faith that taught me to venerate them, and I believe that the teachers of Christianity have been aided almost as much by sculpture, painting, and the grand old Gothic church architecture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries as by the cursory reading of books. You may call this sentiment. What is sentiment in its best sense? Mr. Phillips has told you in such eloquent language that I need not repeat. I call it a part of the education of man.

What does the American citizen do — I care not if he be a representative of the cultured and the wealthy class, or whether he be one of the *nouveaux riches* who has made his fortune in petroleum or in a silver bonanza — when the desire possesses him to cultivate his mind? He goes abroad. To Where does he turn his footsteps? To some of the modern buildings in London or Paris? Not at all. If he visits London, does he seek the Thames embankment? No, his

first walk is to Temple Bar. If he is a cultured man, he desires to visit the places where Dr. Johnson once trod, to pay homage to the little house where he took a meal. If he is of a religious turn of mind, he goes to Westminster Abbey, and what for? Not for its architectural beauties alone, but for the historic associations that make it the link between his memory and the illustrious dead it shelters. If he goes to Paris or to Rome, if religiously inclined, he visits the cathedrals and churches. If he goes to the Holy Land, he visits the spot where, two thousand years ago, "for the eternal instruction of the generations," to quote the words of Victor Hugo, "the human law nailed the divine." And what is he taught there? There comes to him from the very sight of that spot the whole history of Christianity. He traces the birth of the Saviour and the thirty-three years of his life, his crucifixion, and the sublime spectacle, in that awful moment when all mankind had deserted him, of two faithful women kneeling at the foot of the cross. Is not this sentiment? Is it not sentiment that has made nations? If he is a classical scholar, does he not visit the ruins of ancient Rome and of Greece?

It is sentiment which has erected monuments, and which has helped to elevate the world for more than two thousand years; and yet we are told, here in Massachusetts, that, as a commonwealth, we ought not to do anything to preserve one of the few monuments within its limits! Why, the other day I walked through the streets of New York, and as I came up Astor Place I saw there the Cooper Institute, — a modern monument, indeed, but yet it commands attention, and the passer-by would ask its history. Farther up they have erected the arm of Bartholdy's statue of Liberty which is to be placed at the entrance of New York Harbor. Does not that command attention? Does it not lead the sight-seer to ask its history? And what do we propose to do

here in Boston? We propose to remove one of the few monuments that call strangers to our city, and help to impress upon the rising generation the history of the struggle which made us a nation. If the Englishman goes to the House of Parliament, does he not like to sit in the place where Pitt once sat? If he is a man of Irish blood or birth, does he not turn his steps to College Green, and there enter the old Irish House of Parliament, and does he not recall that memorable night of the struggle for the Union, and try to place Grattan, Flood, and all the other names that have been memorable in its history? If an American visits Washington, is it the site of the modern Capitol that most arouses his interest? Does he not take the steamer and make the pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and look upon — what? Not a modern building, but the dwelling-place of George Washington. Does he not go through every room of that old house? Is not every relic there displayed sacred to him, — the old coat which Washington wore, his old hat, even his handkerchief? Every cherished memento of the man who was called the "Father of his Country" is to the American an object of loving reverence. If he comes north to Philadelphia, does he not enter Independence Hall? With what emotion he recalls the fact that there sat John Hancock, the first president of the Continental Congress! Does he not also call to mind that John Adams stood up there and moved that George Washington be commander-in-chief of the forces raised or to be raised for the defence of American liberty? Does he not remember that these walls are eloquent with the historic names of the sons of Massachusetts? When a man comes here from the West we take him to Faneuil Hall; and for what? To show him the building? Has it not already been desecrated by our city government, in making a market of its lower story? Do we take him to see the building? No; but because of the associations

connected with that hall. We take him to Bunker Hill, and we take him to the Old South.

But we are told that this is a utilitarian age, that we must have nothing to do with sentiment, and that the people of Massachusetts cannot afford to-day to preserve this monument; that we have already too much property exempt from taxation, and that the burdens are too heavy for the taxpayer. I remember Mr. Burke, in his "Thoughts on the French Revolution," said, "The nurse of manly sentiment is gone. and the age of chivalry has been superseded by that of sophisters and calculators." Shall it be said of Massachusetts to-day that patriotism has fled from her limits, and that we are living in an "age of calculators"? But even supposing that—take it upon that basis—Massachusetts has about one thirteenth of all the wealth of the Union, two thousand millions of dollars. It does not require remarkable powers of calculation to find what percentage of two thousand millions the mere trifle of fifty thousand dollars would be to the State. The burden which is to be inflicted is a tax of fifty thousand dollars in a commonwealth worth more than two thousand millions of dollars, with a population of one million six hundred thousand souls.

But then it is said we ought not to establish this precedent. Well, if we take it upon the basis of education, have we not already voted one hundred thousand dollars to Prof. Agassiz's Museum at Harvard? Have we not aided Amherst College? Have we not given to the Agricultural College large sums of money from the State treasury? Have we not sent to Washington the statues of Winthrop and Adams, for what purpose? To remind the coming generations of the Union what great things have been achieved by the sons of Massachusetts. And yet when the stranger or the citizen enters the Capitol and sees the statues of Gov. Winthrop and Sam Adams, of Massachusetts, and says, "Tell us something of

their history," and he is told of the memorable scenes in the Old South Church, and asks, "Does that church now stand?" and the reply comes, "Oh, no; it was pulled down. Massachusetts was *so poor* she could not afford to preserve that building which made their names historic, but she has sent here to the Capitol, at an expense of twenty thousand dollars, two *marble* effigies." What a commentary that will be upon Massachusetts, if it is the story we shall be obliged to tell!

Allusion has been made to five memorable meetings at the Old South. Why, sir, there was another meeting in the Old South Church, or rather, in front of it, to which allusion has not been made here; and I may be pardoned if I call the gentleman's (Mr. Davis) attention to it. We remember, in 1861 and 1862, when the stability of this government was threatened, and the strong arm of every man was needed to sustain the Union; after we had met disaster in the field and the energies of the people were flagging, patriotism seemed to languish; it became necessary for the men of Massachusetts again to raise their eloquent voice, — and you, sir (turning to Mr. Phillips), I think, were one of them, — to once more prompt her sons to maintain the Union of their fathers. And where was thought the most appropriate place for that meeting? In front of the Old South Church, in Boston, with all its historic memories; and I believe that this meeting helped to send many thousand men to the army to preserve that Union which made your property, sir (turning to Mr. Davis), and the property of every tax-payer in Boston, worth anything. Were it not, sir, that those men went to the field and sustained the government, where would have been all property?

I trust, sir, that we who have done so much in the past do not propose to say that we will not give fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of education. Sentiment! Why, what do we see below in the Doric Hall? We see there pre-

served all the flags of the Massachusetts regiments, — not bright and beautiful, but torn and begrimed by smoke of many battles. What do they recall to our minds? To me, all the battles of the war. I can there read the inscriptions, "Hanover Court House," "Seven Pines," "Chickahominy," "Malvern," "Chancellorsville," "Petersburg," "Five Forks," "Richmond"; and, wherever a battle was fought or blood was shed, I see, there, that the men of Massachusetts, regardless of race, color, or creed, shed their blood in defence of the American Union. Do you desire to see those "*ugly*" flags taken from this building? The same sentiment which would prompt a resolution to take them from out this capitol strikes to-day at the Old South.

I trust, gentlemen, that you will not be moved by the argument that we are too poor to-day. We are not poor, — we are not poor in the sense that we cannot afford to appropriate fifty thousand dollars for this object; and when the young man, or the stranger within our gates, walks down Washington Street, in Boston, and has his eyes attracted by that inscription, — and I would take from it no word and no letter, — and asks the story of the "Old South Church," and he is told it by a citizen of Boston, does it not make him feel, if he comes from an interior town of New England, that he is a part of New England, and that this is a part of the history of his common country? I have faith, gentlemen, in your committee, that you will vote here to recommend this appropriation. It will be fifty thousand dollars economically invested as an educational fund. If you desire to preserve our government, if you desire to perpetuate free institutions, it will be the best grant that has been recommended to the Legislature of Massachusetts in many years.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY THE HON. JOHN D. LONG,

IN THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH,

JUNE 18, 1877.

IT is not for me to plead a cause which has already commanded and will to-day again command the ripest eloquence of America. But I would say a word for those, of whom I was once one, and because I was once one of them, the lads who in a thousand rural towns have never seen this meeting-house, or Bunker Hill, or Faneuil Hall, but who, reading of all these with glowing hearts, are having instilled into them — future sovereigns, as they are, of the Republic — the very fundamentals of whatsoever patriotism they will hereafter bring to the discharge of their political duties. I remember — a memory which I presume to utter, only because I believe it is identical with the memory of many another here — I remember my father's fireside in a Maine village, the winter hearth, the kindling page in one of Pierrepont's Readers, or Parley's Tales; and I know that then and there it was that, if I am an American, I became one; that if I have any love of country in me, then and there I got it. A little later, an eager pilgrim to Boston, this and its kindred monuments of the glory of the past were the shrines which, with no gush or effusion of sentiment to others, but with the very convictions of a country school-boy's deepest, secret heart, I sought at once, and kneeling at them had the faith of the loyalty I bear my country confirmed as no abstraction, no precept could have confirmed it. This roof belongs to the ingenuous youth, who are the germ of the future of American citizenship, and none shall

rob them of the inspiration of its echoes, its spirit, its presence. If you want hereafter generations of patriots, preserve it. You remember the story of the Swiss boy who, four hundred years ago, ran from the battle-field of Morat, on which hung the fate of his country, to the city of Freyburg, there panted the news of victory, and then, overcome by the exertion, fell dead. The legend is that he carried in his hand a little green switch of a linden-tree, and that they planted it above him, where it grew out of his very heart like the root that Æneas tore from the grave of Polydorus. Certainly travellers tell us how sacredly that linden has now for centuries been kept, its branches propped on columns of stone and bound around with clamps of iron, with seats under it where the burghers may sit beneath its broad benediction. Would Switzerland be Switzerland without the sentiment that thus preserved it, and is itself preserved by it? For these influences interact; and, if you destroy the monuments around which the sentiment of patriotism loves to cling, you destroy that sentiment as well.

I urge, too, the just claim of time itself, — which, with Yankee craft, we are apt to cry robs us, while we rob it, — and of the thousand years that are next to come. The tender future reaches out its hands to take into them this building, sacred to God and fatherland. It pleads for at least one temple in America which shall not be snatched away the moment it does not pay six per cent in cash upon its market value; for at least one edifice around which it may let its graceful ivies cling and twine, the very ugliness of which it may mellow and adorn with the soft and plastic fingers of its centuries; which it may show our descendants it can make as hallowedly beautiful in a decay like that of an aged saint, as have been made the churches of old England; in which its children, still "sweet singers in Israel," long years hence may sing praises to God and the fathers, and

wake the responsive echoes of our children's songs; and in which it may hide its inheritance of rich, historic glooms and shadows, evoking from them now and then heroic ghosts of Winthrop, and Vane, and Sewall, and Quincy, and Warren, and Adams, and Otis, ay, and of brave men and women of later date, whose names I need not utter, because your hearts would anticipate my lips; and evoking, too, the voices of the patriot merchant and mechanic of the colony to strike key-notes for the merchant and mechanic of the Republic whenever its great crises come.